

## **The Eater Of Worlds by Josh1971**

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**Summary:** Everyone's favorite clown prince of horror has returned...  
Can anyone stop him? Part One...

## The Eater Of Worlds

It was still alive. Some primal spark remained, though no one could have guessed it from the state of the hideous, dark form, buried under the mass of dirt and stone, ash and mud. What there was of its body was twisted and mangled in a heap in the darkness, with parts of it near by but equally as ruined. Several feet away had been the prize ripped from it- a black and fluid-covered heart. There the life remained.

For it was not a being like any other that had ever been on earth, or probably ever would be. The creature had been upon the earth since the planet was barely habitable, and had resided in the depths of the ground while it waited to feed, and waited for time to pass. As things changed, and mankind had spread upon the earth, it was happy to use its many ways to feed upon them.

They were a most peculiar treat; filled with superstition and yet brimming with cynicism. In their early days, nearly all of them were easy prey as they understood so little of the universe, or even their world. With man's growing up, he became harder and harder to lure into the creature's grasp, but an image formed which they seemed to both trust and fear at the same time.

This image made him appear as a clown- a face painted with white, and red, and blue with a bulbous red nose. His colorful suit of shiny fabric was adorned on the front with huge, orange buttons. The giant, floppy shoes looked silly, as did the bush of red hair that ringed the back of his head. Gloves of white covered the hands of this clown, whose name had grown to stand for fear in those who knew who he was. PENNYWISE, the singing and dancing clown.

The sparks of life that remained in its dark heart were growing, and though no real consciousness had come to it, a new body had begun to grow around the heart. It was truly a life form that had never been possible on earth, but then it was not originally from earth. No one knew how many eternities it had lived, or how many entire worlds had vanished into its hypnotic dead lights. The thing was patient, and being as old as it was, it had to be.

They had done their best to kill it under the many layers of Derry, Maine. The lucky seven, they had called themselves and it had been true. But even their best had not been enough to truly vanquish what it was. Two of them had died in their quest to end it's existence, but

the remaining five had gone on. Feeling its curse lifted, their memories had fogged over everything about the curse which had consumed so many lives. They were gone, and while humanity attempted to restore the ravaged, overturned city of Derry, IT had begun to heal.

2012- January

David Clendon was eight, and was accustomed to doing things on his own, as his parents were buried in career aspirations and self-indulgent vacations. He sometimes wasn't sure why he even existed given the nature of his mother and father. How could they have allowed themselves to have a child when there was so much to do for themselves? He had started a couple years before to forget that, and had thus become a miniature copy of them. He existed to serve David Clendon.

It was cold and windy in western New York, where he was growing up on a well-to-do estate near Lake Erie. The walk from the enormous house to the end of the drive to get the mail was excruciating in the winter months. Since he was the one that wanted to get the mail, he'd been sent to do so. His mother had looked over the top of her Forbes magazine with a stern glare when he'd asked for the third time.

"Mom! I think the letter from Alicia might be in the mail!"

The magazine lowered, and Linda Clendon let her eyes dig into the child's sparkling blue ones. For a moment, she actually felt as though she should lash out and kick him from the chair in which she sat. A moment later, common sense and a hint of parental love invaded her mind.

"If you are so intent on reading that stupid letter, go yourself and check for it in the mail box!" she shot icily. Far from looking hurt, David smiled.

"I'll be back in a few minutes!"

"Don't be ridiculous, it's barely five degrees out there!" Linda added, but then noted the deepening disappointment in David's eyes. She had to let him go and get it, which would have been a touching moment, save for the fact that she was only worried he might pester her more if not allowed to go. "Bundle up."

He hurried off, and she shook her head, then lifted the magazine back up.

David was hobbling through the deep snow, racing as best he could toward the stone post which housed the mail box. He didn't care for anything else that might be in it, and would most likely leave everything there except for the long-awaited letter from his cousin Alicia. He'd written her one two months before, and she informed him at Christmas time by phone that a letter of her own would be on its way to him.

Still, as he drew closer to the mail box, he was hoping that her letter was an invitation to visit her in the Midwest. These thoughts had blocked out some of the cold, but not nearly all of it as another gust of wind whipped across the New York tundra in the afternoon air. David stopped.

On the ground before him was a small fluff of orange, stuck in the snow but looking as though it hadn't been there for very long. He stopped and knelt to examine it with his mitten-covered hands. It was hard to hold onto, and the wind almost took it once before he got a good look at it. There were no tracks in the snow that he could see and nothing he could recall owning that had anything like it.

"H'lo Davey!" came a cheerful voice from behind him, near the road that drove past their gated property. Not expecting to hear anything, David quickly whipped himself around to see where the voice had come from, his eyes a bit wide.

Standing on the other side of the fence was a most jolly-looking man dressed as a clown. He waved his fingers merrily at David, who was completely dumbstruck. A second later, the clown squeezed its nose to produce a squeaking sound, and he huffed a goofy laugh. David drew a step closer.

"Who are you?" he asked the clown.

"Davey boy, you can't say you don't know your old uncle Pennywise, eh?" the clown blurted with a faux look of saddened surprise on his face. David, ever-so-properly, shook his head.

"I don't have an uncle Pennywise," he remarked.

"Sure you do!" the clown said happily. "Who else would deliver. this?" In his hand was a single, white envelope that looked a little worn. David's eyes lit up.

"From Alicia?" he cried out, moving toward the fence. The clown licked its lips.

"Who else?" it asked. "She wants you to float, Davey."

He stopped, puzzled.

"Float?"

"With me," the clown said, edging toward the fence with the envelope fluttering in the wind. "When you're with me, you'll float, Davey. they all float, and Alicia will too when we go to get her."

"This is weird," David said. "How do you know Alicia?"

"She sent me!" the clown hooted merrily. "With love and kisses."

David smiled at the clown.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe she would have paid to have a clown deliver the letter. Mom would never let me do that."

"Hmm," the clown said, his bottom lip sticking out. "Maybe we should just go to Alicia. Mom and Dad don't ever need to know. They don't really care anyway, do they?"

"No," David lied, mostly to himself. "They care."

"Don't you want to read your letter?" the clown asked. David looked up.

"You bet!" David called, and started for the fence again.

"Come and get it!" the clown said with a silly wiggle of his head. His face softened, and his lips stretched sideways. With his eyes narrowing, he trained them in on the jolly face of the child who was now on the other side of the fence. "Now it's time for you to flooooooat.."

David heard the hiss, and looked quickly with terror up at the face of the clown. Its eyes had become wide and trained on him with red centers, while the moth had opened to reveal row after row of pointed, yellow fangs. The gloved hands shot out and clamped over the arms of the boy through the iron fence, and began to pull .

The scream carried across the grounds with the winds, but by the time Linda, David's father, and the housekeeper had burst from the home to see what was the matter, it was too late. Linda began screaming hysterically, feeling true horror for the first time in her life. Ironically, she also felt the love for her son that she had allowed to fade into the gloom of her mind for years.

The boys father had begun to take bounding leaps through the snow to where his son was wedged into two bars of the fence. The housekeeper had run away from the screams of Linda to get to the phone. David's father reached the fence, pulling up a bit short at the sight of so much blood in the snow. His son should not have been able to fit between the bars of the fence, but was lodged there anyway.

"David?" his father asked with a nervous quake in his voice.

The man's hands pulled on his son until the body fell backward, revealing a horror that Roger Clendon could never have imagined. The flesh of David's face was gone, revealing a bloodied skull that continued to drip. The throat was gone as well, and the eyes stared widely up at nothing. Both arms had been furiously ripped from their sockets, and they lay flopped at his sides. At once, the mouth fell open, and the corpse posthumously screamed. Roger himself screamed octaves about what he thought was possible. His eyes at last fell upon the tuft of orange in one of the ruined little hands.